

reported the dignity, seriousness, and perfect breeding of the Moslem, a breeding which refuses to be amused at variations in bodies, characters or lives of the human beings that surround them. How grateful would be an infusion of Turkish manners into American life in a country town. The amenities of life in Lincoln are saved for church, for parties, receptions, and other functions where we are obviously conscious that the wool, cotton or silk that clothes us is the best we have and rather elegant too. Among us for forty years Mr. Barr went to and from his business as isolate as though he walked in a world of ghosts, the only live man. His isolation was temperamental and not to be entirely destroyed by friendly insistence but there is no record that anyone ever tried. He has gone and these reflections were untimely if there were no lonely and mistranslated ones left.

Ah, make the most
of what we yet may spend,
Before we too, into the dust descend;
Dust unto dust, and under dust to lie.

Kentucky Women.

The Emergency Association of Louisville, a club of women, called a meeting at one of the churches and several thousand women attended it, for the purpose of discussing the lawless acts at Frankfort. The mass meeting was addressed by eloquent women anxious to do what they could to prevent what was then a closely impending catastrophe. Bishop Dudley made the opening address and he was followed by splendid men and women who plead for more patriotism and less partisan politics, more statesmanship and less trickery. Mrs. Ida Harrison, of Lexington, read a set of resolutions that were promptly and unanimously adopted by the audience. These resolutions, after expressing the hope that the united influence of the women of Kentucky might incite men to rise above party for the honor of statehood, urged the cooperation of parents, teachers, club women and kindred organizations in Kentucky to this end. The resolutions specifically condemned the carrying of deadly weapons, concealed or not, and ascribed the disorder and crime to this characteristic Kentucky habit. They urged that public opinion should insist upon the enforcement of the law against carrying deadly weapons. The presidents of the clubs which are members of the emergency association and their delegates held a supplementary meeting in order to put the resolutions into dynamic form. Mrs. C. P. Barnes, auditor of the General Federation of Women's Clubs moved "that a special committee be appointed to convey to the women of Kentucky the sense of this meeting, also to formulate a plan whereby its purpose may be made practicable." This was unanimously carried and \$137 subscribed by the women present to provide for the expenses of carrying out the provisions of the motion.

The Stotsenburg Fund.

It is doubtful if Mrs. Stotsenburg will be granted a pension of even fifty dollars a month. How difficult it is to rear a family on that sum no one knows who has not tried. Several papers of the state have urged the raising of this fund. If all the papers of the state would undertake to receive contributions from their districts a fund might be quickly raised. Nebraska owes this debt and Nebraskans should pay it voluntarily. The Courier has received one hundred dollars to be applied to this

fund. Nebraska people are just emerging from a financial climax but this is a debt of honor and a general subscription such as Californians made to the Lawton fund will not rest heavily on any one. The Nebraska press, democratic, populist, republican and non-partisan has never been united for one purpose. This debt to a brave man, who for the glory of his country and to save the lives of Nebraska volunteers stood up in a field where the men were lying down and where no other officer ventured, to lead a charge on the entrenched Filipinos, should be recognized. It cannot be paid, but we can breathe more freely if we accept the commission that Colonel Stotsenburg, with his last breath must have committed to us.

The Jury System.

Theoretically the jury system is a guarantee of justice, and a bulwark against tyranny in high places, but a study of the individuals of a jury is disheartening. The system unfolds in a book like public ownership of all municipal service. If all men were honest, able, discriminating and unprejudiced, the jury system, like the public ownership system, would be worthy of real as well as of oratorical enthusiasm. But jurymen are selected mostly from the hangers on, about the court room, men who have neither the ability nor the energy to make a better living than that afforded them by occasional employment as jurymen. One who, either as defendant or plaintiff has studied the faces of jurymen while testimony is offered for their consideration or while a judge is instructing them has enjoyed the best opportunity of studying the system and of comparing the acumen of one mind with twelve. The judge generally comprehends the point at issue between plaintiff and defendant. He understands the general law which applies to this or that case and explains in what way it may be fitted to the case so that the verdict and the law may not conflict. Meanwhile the jury of ditchers and diggers, give no sign of intellectual apprehension and the verdict is apt to reflect the jurymen's inattention and intellectual barriers to the entrance of an idea. Those who have had much to do with the law, and there are those who cannot be cured of the chronic tendency to litigation, prefer to have their disputes settled by a judge. A litigant convinced of the justice of his cause would invariably choose a judge. The latter has a reputation to maintain. His decisions become precedents and they are frequently taken to a higher court. A jury is composed of Tom, Dick and Harry, men of no distinction, of a past which may be summed up in the phrase "hangers on about the court room," of no future and of no definite responsibility. Such men are weakly sentimental. What opinions they possess have been cultivated by the anecdotes they swap with their kind and by the sophomoric appeals of clever lawyers who understand their juries. An intelligent man occasionally strays into a jury after having passed the examination for stupidity which it is the custom and the law to hold, but the average jurymen is candidly not a "peer" capable of delivering an equitable judgment founded upon the testimony and the law.

The Western Art Association.

The formation of the Western Art Association has been accomplished by merging the Haydon Art Club into the state association. Haydon

was an English artist whose work was done in the early part of the nineteenth century. The Haydon Art Club was named for him, but not because his pictures are of any great value. He painted pictures, which looked like tableaux of The Judgment of Solomon, The Rising of Lazarus, Napoleon Musing at St. Helena, etc. They are hard and even the most technically ignorant know that Haydon's message was long ago delivered and his meaning exhausted. The club was named rather for the effort Haydon made to oppose the formalism and conventionalism of the day. In his time he stood for breaking the bondage of tradition, for the same thing that the impressionists signify today. Therefore the Haydon Art Club was named for him. Picture dealers and artists who have pictures to exhibit when they receive letters from the corresponding secretary of the Haydon Art Club are discouraged, thinking we are still clinging to chromos and story pictures. Then besides the name has no locality significance. The idea of the reorganizers is to unite dwellers this side the Mississippi into an institution for the fostering and love of art. For this purpose the board of directors is to be composed of prominent men and women of the state who have already shown an interest in and a readiness to make sacrifice for what is known as "art."

The Western Art Association's specific aim is to provide an exhibition every year, and to offer prizes large enough to attract new pictures from the best artists. On Tuesday evening the Twentieth of March, the new club will meet to hear the report of the nominating committee which has been appointed to nominate the president and directors of the new association.

Reorganization.

Every club woman should read the remarkably plain, clear statement of facts in regard to reorganization made by Mrs. Decker of Denver. It disproves the charges of unwieldiness and overcrowding made principally by women who did not go to Denver. Women have much to learn from men. What man or men having accomplished a large success like the general federation of women's clubs, would be dissatisfied because it was a national organization and insured the attendance of delegates from all over the United States? No man and no men would venture to alter the basis of representation. An aristocratic organization, only remotely connected with individual clubs and their members cannot be popular. Its biennial meetings will not be crowded. There will be no surge beating on the doors of the auditorium the exclusives elect to meet in. The newspapers will let the little tea party quite alone. All the unwieldiness which bothered some of them at Denver will disappear. There will be no unseemly squabble for office. The few ladies sifted from state federations will cast their vote deliberately and the presidency of the obscure committee into which some of the Massachusetts club women desire to convert the federation will not be weighted with a national honor as at present. Mrs. Decker, whose chief characteristic is common sense and whose diction is neither flowery nor sophomoric, expresses a common sense view of the proposed reorganization. For stating the question without sentimentality, but with plainly and business-like directness every publisher of a woman's club department is grateful to Mrs. Decker. I hope Mrs. Decker's letter will be widely copied both because of the way she says it and for what she says.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

A Lyric Poet.

There is nothing so unmistakable as a true poem; there is nothing over which the conventions of men and the laws of the schools have so little control as poetry. There is no art in which ambition and effort and culture count for so little. This is peculiarly exemplified in a recent volume of verse by that eminent scholar and critic, Mr. George E. Woodberry. This volume contains many ideas set forth in verse, many musical lines, but not one poem. It is not within the power of any man to attain unto poetry by much labor or wide learning or faultless taste. A man can no more write a poem by mastering poetics than a botanist can make a rose, or an astronomer fashion a star. Even true poets do not always write true poetry. The true poem is and must remain largely a happy accident, and the gift of the man who writes it is accidental, unquestionable. And about this gift there is a mystery so impenetrable and so beyond the range of our analysis that it has among all peoples, even the most skeptical, been accounted as a certain touch of divinity in man. In all other arts perfect execution and complete mastery of form insure a large measure of success, but a man either is a poet or he is not. Burns, who was a plowman might make poetry, Mr. Woodberry, who is a scholar, may not. This is as far as we are enlightened on the matter.

Some three years ago an Englishman calling himself simply A. E. Housman published a volume of lyrics which carried the hall mark of true poetry. Their quality is as unmistakable as it is rare. I do not know who Mr. Housman is, but I know that he is a poet. I have sought far and wide for some information concerning this man, and have been unable to obtain even the most meager. Miss Louise Imogene Guiney has tried to locate him and has met with no better success. I have decided to let him remain a literary mystery and the theme of many imaginings. He called his single little volume of verse "A Shropshire Lad." The lyrics composing it bear no titles, but there seems to be a vague sort of plot running through them all, binding them together. They might be grouped under two general headings; songs of Shropshire, and songs of exile. It seems that Mr. Housman was once a Shropshire lad himself, and that there were many lads there who fished and danced at the fair and worked in the fields and were staunch comrades and true. Then the lassies began to figure in their lives and there was trouble a-brewing. Ah! such sad endings they came to, those merry Shropshire lads, and to what dark havens and down what black streams were they born, those gay crafts that put out into the Severn tide in the glad-some morning. One lad, an athlete died young, before the laurel of his triumphs had withered, and his sweetheart married his best friend. One killed his brother by the haystack and was hanged in Shrewsbury jail.

"There sleeps tonight in Shrewsbury Jail,
Or wakes, as may betide,
A better lad, if things went right
Than most that sleep outside."

Another of the Shropshire boys went into the army, and fell into some black disgrace and shot himself, and still another, the singer of